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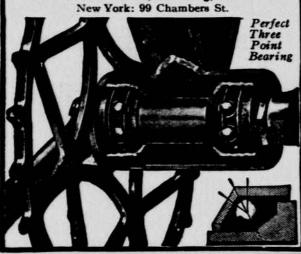
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of the North, and his muscles of the nature of iron.

"Memsahib," he whispered, laying Fraser's body down according to her directions, "I do not know, but I think he may not yet be dead; otherwise those accursed birds would not be outside."

Then he dashed after Datta, who was

slinking off into the jungle.

Miss Carey made her examination quickly. Dr. Fraser was nearly gone, and only a spark of life seemed to remain. Even of that she was hardly sure. Certainly a few more hours in that tomblike ghat would have extinguished the last chance of restoration. As it was, Datta was impressed into a service that boded ill for him, and with Ahmad's assistance the apparently lifeless form was borne gently back to camp.

For Miss Carey followed then a fight that many a physician knows. She gave general directions for the camp, and set herself to the sole task of saving one of her own kind, a comrade in the field. Of the night that fell and dragged through the interminable hot hours—the tense strain of watching, listening, and waiting for that flicker of life, that slightest sign of an upward turn—also many a physician could speak; only he regards it merely in the line of his work and says nothing about it.

At intervals a hand drew aside one of the flaps, and a grave face appeared in the opening.

"It is I, Ahmad Kerim. The Memsahib's servant wishes her to know that he does not sleep this night."

On one of these occasions she was prompted to ask some questions. "Ahmad, what has become of Datta?"

"That man is tied to a tree with his own turban."

"And where is your wife? I have not seen

her since the afternoon."

"She has gone from this place, which is

not good for her."

"By the way, is it not strange I have not had a reply to my telegram from medical headquarters?"

Ahmad shrugged his shoulders expressively. "Perhaps the telegram did not go on the lightning wire, Memsahib; but I think we shall know all in the morning."

THE herald of the morning seemed to be a stamping of horses' hoofs outside the tent, and a clear English voice demanding to know if Dr. Carey could be seen. Dr. Carey came forth in an answer to the summons, just as an officer in police uniform swung off his horse.

"Miss—ah—Dr. Carey, I believe. I am Dawson, you know, of the police. Your servant's wife tramped a precious long distance down the railway to my place, and told me of your position. A most remarkable performance! So, of course, I came at once. I—I hope you have managed to do something for Fraser."

"Come in and see for yourself," she invited him with a triumphant smile.

Dawson followed her into the tent, and stood for some minutes regarding the features of the man she had snatched from the ghat of death. Presently he lifted his eyes and looked at her out of their blue depths of frankness.

"By Jove! Well done!"

They were four very simple words; but the unalloyed sincerity in which they were spoken, the circumstances, the hour, and Miss Carey's physical exhaustion, nearly broke down her self control. You see, there is no hero fund, no medals, sometimes not even thanks, for the physician who risks his life to save a patient, and we are all likely to fail before the unfamiliar or the unexpected. Miss Carey, of course, recovered herself, and talked in a purely professional way of the case, remarking that Dr. Fraser had been fortunate in possessing surprising vitality. Perhaps so!

AFTER this there remains but a finishing touch; yet what would life have been to him who came out from that temple ghat without it? Dawson took hold of the situation, and a message went swiftly to medical headquarters. Also Ahmad Kerim had the infinite satisfaction of marching Datta to prison, and in the name of Dawson Sahib frightening the native police magistrate for the things he had not done. Medical headquarters promptly sent relief, thus enabling Miss Carey to devote her care to Fraser.

Gradually he came back to life, and wondered—wondered for a space concerning the bandage she wore round her forearm. His arm too was bandaged. Presently he connected these things professionally, and knew that the blood which flowed in his veins was her blood, that his life was her life. But, though a physician, there was nothing unfeminine about her; at least not when he laid his hand upon hers and spoke those words which cannot be set down fittingly on paper.

